

MOUNTAIN ECHOES



Here I Am!

JAN-FEB



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MOUNTAIN ECHOES

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The Mountain Echoes has had its share of troubles. We thought, at first, that it was our own fault, I mean, being late all the time, and mistakes and such. Then, to our delight, we discovered that it wasn't entirely our own misdoings. We found that we have a GREMLIN in our midst. Now, dear readers, for those of you who don't know what a gremlin is; I'll explain. It's a little someone (or thing), unseen and unheard, who causes a great deal of mischief, but when he's caught, becomes a delightful little mascot. Well, we've caught him, and, true to the world of gremlins, He's become our mascot. Now, for the first couple of weeks, we found him extremely shy, but after awhile, we got him in front of the camera, and got some



pretty good snaps of him. So now here, in his Sunday best, is our gremlin, whom we have dubbed, FRANCIS!

We've also caught him, unawares, in various other poses that he doesn't know about yet, and he'll be appearing through-out each issue of the magazine. We suspect he has a little gremlin girl-friend, but as yet we haven't got the goods on him. We will though, and just as soon as we can capture her, (on film), she'll be appearing with him, so keep an eye out for her.

Created by: Don Iwaniw - Ed Van Dusen

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EDITORIAL QUO WARRANTO-STATUS

What happens to a man when he assumes a plateau in life that was previously unattainable to him? Does it alter his appearance? Is he gratified and humble? Or does he feel that he must assume the aura-prevailing stance and facial contortions commensurate with such stratospheric status?

To purloin a phrase- "The proof is in the pudding", the next question should be, "What in the heck is all this leading up to?"

By golly, you've got me - with my own insidious question yet! But then, if I asked, I should certainly be prepared to answer, shouldn't I? All you status-seekers, beware! I am going to pinch lightly upon the foundations of your-very-sensitive-pride, and explode thoroughly, this mythological misnomer - "Status-Quo!"

Again we return to our subject (man), and his reactions to certain changes, (within himself), whether tenuis or pseudo-elevated, imaginary, or staunchly true.

As I do not wish to be regarded as a sycophant, capable of distortion at the expense of my betters, it pleases me to reduce the ruddy rosiness of euphemistic phrases to their proper place; and space.

It all hinges on the man himself—this question of status. What is status? To some, it is the ultimate. It means life, and it is a heady brew, that grasps the inarticulate by his pride, compelling him to equal, or surpass his neighbors obvious position, (or, as you will status), in life.

Perfunctory though my approach may be to this elusive social carcinoma; I, by no means, am immune to it's persuasive demands upon me. Nor are you!

It is gratifying to know that in some things we ALL err. The problem is not in the humanistic failings we all seem to have—but, rather, the extent we are willing to permit our weaknesses to travail, to our detriment. To achieve what? Status!



EXAMPLE: The youngster refusing to attend school due to lack of proper wearing apparel—or, the equivalent to the accepted styles worn by other classmates, or better. Status!

The teenager, scurrying about in frantic haste to be first to purchase the latest "platter-chatter" of their Trichodes Apiarius idols of the baked disc - (appropriately named for their back-to-nature renditions of synonymous un-symphonic sounds). The pride and knowledge that come with the realization that their screams and moans are the loudest—even if the

trichodes apiarius is relegated to the depths, so long as 'I' am heard. Status! The busy office worker who transpires profusely to eke out a living, who wouldn't be caught dead without his or her most expensive exterior-wear, to avoid being the topic for conversation. This same person would refuse to become ill while on the job, as it would cause extreme embarrassment if the doctor should discover the patched undergarments or threadbare stockings, so well disguised. STATUS!

Or take the tramp who's permeated the depths of despair & despondency. Even at his low ebb, he will regale you with his past glories that you may for the moment, view him in better light of his present condition.

And the alcoholic, inebriated beyond rational cognition (of his surroundings, or the density of his libido) who would attempt to convince the world of his sobriety, while he flounders ludicrously and helpless with in the midst of a vaporiferous cloud of stagnant, cheap wine. Semiconscious-but responding to an infinitesimal command from within his subconscious mind-informing him of the necessity to observe his rapidly failing dignity. Above all to keep up appearances as befits "his", STATUS

The person who follows a life of crime may be found within a multi-numerical classification, which could (by to-days standards) place him in one of several known categories, relegating him to one of many titles such as; 'Paper hanger,' 'B & E man', 'Can opener', 'Joy Rider,' 'Con man', or, what have you?

The end effect, justifying the means,-but not enumerating the many sided causes, capable of denuding this person of his last vestiges of pride. A condemnation by certain social groups and individuals, who, without reason or right, strip him to his marrow for his failure to conform. But usually, to announce to the world at large that "they" are so superior, (actually so fortunate) that-it falls within their unilateral domain to reproach their fellow man -shame him and judge him, as unfit to exist, in his present capacity, by virtue of his lack of status.

In a world screamingly incoherent with propagandized sales pitches landing and applauding every conceivable merchandisable commodity to-days world market, the growing child has no way to survive unscathed.

The parents set up the image of what the child may be expected to resemble in later years. They permit proliferous Radio and TV Bandits to rob them of their own common sense — and thusly create the ultimate weapon of destruction — STATUS.

From the grocer to the minister — from the foods of the body to the meat of the soul — we contact status. Pomp, pageantry, "don't let them know they hurt us." "we can't do this or that, because we'd draw

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STONY MOUNTAIN VARIETY CONCERT

About two and one-half months ago a group of men gathered together for the purpose of amalgamating a Christmas concert. These men, although all at the present time wards of the Federal Government, were from every station in society. Though their personal reasons were their own, they all assembled with the same outward thought in mind — there was to be a Christmas concert, a community effort staged for the inmates of the institution, and they wanted to be a part of it. Some of these men would sing, others would play musical instruments, some would act in skits—many of them would labor behind the scenes unseen and unheard. All would contribute something personal to a worthwhile project.

The first two or three evenings were spent auditioning and sorting out personnel; then the rehearsals began. During the course of these practice sessions personalities conflicted, tempers flared & voices were raised. Some men quit and newcomers enlisted; some of those that quit returned. Rehearsals went on regardless— a facsimile of a concert began to take shape.

Props, costumes, make-up and

equipment had to be procured. Certain people were placed in charge of this department. The Inmate Sports Committee's help had to be secured as liaison to the administration. The wheels lurched into motion — their creaking and groaning could be heard echoing throughout the institution — the show had begun to roll.

The first concert was staged for the benefit of the inmate population in December, shortly before Christmas. Due to my having three post-operative patients to keep my eye on in the prison hospital where I am employed, I was unable to attend this showing. However, I was informed by my co-workers in the Mountain Echoes that it came off quite brilliantly and was enjoyed by all concerned. I was in the process of giving myself a kick in the behind for not attending the concert myself— especially in view of the fact that I had recently been appointed to the post of Entertainment Editor of the mag — when much to my delight I was informed the concert proved to be of such caliber that the administration were in favor of approving a re-run to be staged for an outside audience. This one I wasn't going to miss!

Approximately 500 people were present for the second presentation of the concert. They began to trickle into the auditorium around 6:30 in the evening. By shortly after 7, the huge hall was filled to capacity. There were officers and administrators, their wives families and friends; people from Stonewall & the surrounding locality; people from the Red Cross Society, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, various welfare organizations, and many, many more just ordinary people from that fair metropolis fourteen wintry miles away. Attendance to the concert was by invitation only, and if the turnout was any indication, few, if any, invitations were declined.

The show began with a heart-warming introduction by an old trooper who's been with us for awhile, and who colorfully MC'd the greater part of the first half of the concert. After a brief opening speech, this trooper, John Nolan by name, introduced Warden Harris. Mr. Harris accorded a hearty welcome to the various groups, organizations, and the audience in general.

Without any further ado the combo, now on stage, gave out with a rousing opener in, Hello Dolly! The Combo, who played at various intervals throughout the show, consisted of five musicians; Ron Mitchell, sax; Bob trumpet; J. Beaulieu, guitar; Jack Brennan,



An outside audience enjoying our second Annual Variety Concert

drums; and Cliff Montgomery, base. Now, blowing with all the spirit they could muster, this five-some set the pace for the fast moving, entertaining show to follow.

Following the Combo was a very talented young singer who sang along the lines of Elvis Presley. Wayne Boivan was his name. With a well voiced trio to back him, this young entertainer did a fine job with his smooth and versatile style a performance that won him a large applause from the appreciative audience. The trio consisted of Cliff Montgomery, Gary Kerr and Bob McKinney.

Next on the program, Jim Beauleau, playing excellent guitar, gave us. . .Come On!. a moving

tune indeed! For an encore, Don McManus, Jim's guitar accompanist, sang, Thats All Right Mama, and made a swinging job of it.

As the lights dimmed and the musicians left the stage the M.C. announced the next act. Jacques Lariviere took his place in front of the mike. Accompanied by a soft tinkling piano, he sang two very beautiful selections, Arrivaderche Roma and Ebb Tide. Jacques, a French Canadienne with red hair and a deep semi-operatic voice, entertained us handsomely in a profound style delightful to listen to.

For the following act the curtains opened on a scene simulating a drinking establishment complete



Wayne Boivan Trio

with background music. What happened next was a very, very funny skit. The acting was superbly done by two men being extremely talented in this line (as further skits during the course of the show proved) Leo Martin and Louis Lefebre. Louis played the female character, while Leo played the very excellent part of the drunk. The roaring audience was evidence to the success of this little bit of skullduggery.

Johnny Nolan, enriching the show with a few choice words, announced the next act as Ron Mitchel. He said that Ron had been playing saxophone for a period of only three months. Ron, accompanied by the rhythm section of the combo, treated us to a

solo of, South of the Border. . . . Methinks, after hearing Ron play, that he was a bit of a musician before he took up the sax, as his on-stage performance and music know-how were quite skillfully displayed.

Doing a clever turn-about, John Nolan came on stage, guitar in hand, to do a song he wrote himself, called Memories Never Die. A very moving song, sang in a smooth professional voice. When he finished his number, John introduced Pat Kilpatrick, a young man from Newfoundland who was to MC the remainder of the show. Kilpatrick, glib of tongue, hit the audience with a pair of very good jokes, and then wasted no time in getting



Don McManus, backed up by Cliff Montgomery and Bob McKinney

the show on the road.

With the bounce of a western fiddle and the twang of electric guitars on came an outstanding rendition of the Grande Ole Opey. About twenty minutes of versatile western music led and MC'd by a very funny and able musician we have had the pleasure of seeing on many previous occasions, Blackie Peltier. Plenty of good hoe-down music blended with other western selections and a few parodies from Blackie, and the Grande Ole Opey turned out to be just that indeed!

The show went on; back came singer Boivan and his trio to do a marvelous job on, It's a Wonderful Life, and Beach Boy Blues.

And back came the Combo with

a tune called, Maggie, that ended the first half of the show and brought the curtain down.

During the intermission refreshments were served buffet-style and the capacity crowd browsed thru the Hobby Craft Display which lined two walls of the big room. Many items were sold and more were appreciated, which could add to greater sales in the future.

A suggestion could be made here that any future concerts be started earlier in the season so as to allow for an outside concert before Christmas. This would give the outside people an opportunity to purchase their Christmas gifts thru the institution, thereby helping the inmate program even more, and at



Jim Beaulieu, lead guitar, backed up by Bob McKinney, rhythm guitar, Ron Neergard, bass, Jack Brennan, drums.

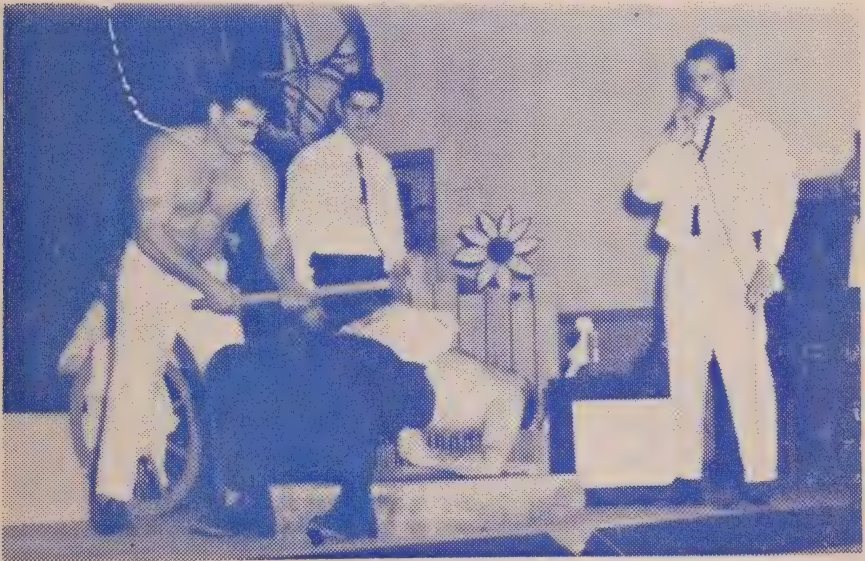
the same time, saving them a little expense during that very costly season.

The second half of the concert, while by no means less enjoyable than its previous counterpart, saw a repeat of many of the musicians, groups, and songsters. The combo returned with, Five Foot Two; followed by Louis Lefebre, the female impersonator of the Leo Martin skit team, singing two numbers; I Believe, and He Having followed Louies' development as a singer behind these walls, I must say that he is coming along real fine and developing into quite a voice. Next we saw a return of Jim Beaulieu and his group who did Blues In A Minor, with an en-

core by Ron Mitchel on sax; the very beautiful, Harlem Nocturne.

Victor, a newcomer to the program, sang the Lord's Prayer . . . a far-reaching melody, sung in a deep, full-throated voice. This selection offered a pleasing change of pace.

Following Vic came John Nolan and Jim Beaulieu with, You All Come and, St. Louis Blues The second half of the Grande Ole Opery with Blackie Peltier singing a song entitled, Looking At The Wall . . . Don McManus, singing and swinging with, Your Cheating Heart . . . Boivan and his trio . . . Another terrific skit by Leo Martin and Louis Lefebre . . . And last of all, When The Saints Come



Pat Kilpatrick, MC, looking on as, Louis Lefebre breaks cement block on Leo Martin's stomach.

Marching In, played by the Combo and adding finis to the show.

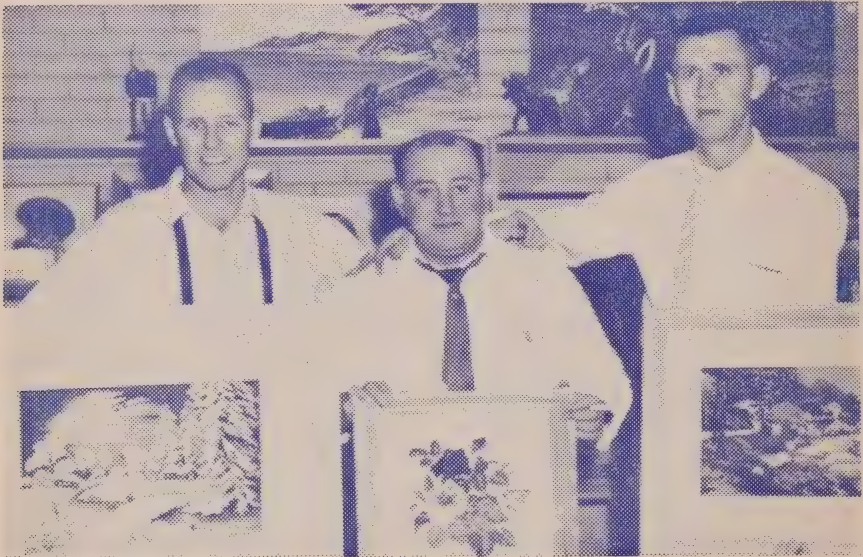
Much more could be said of all who took part in this concert, but space will not permit a complete elaboration. I do think, however, that special mention should be made of the outstanding efforts of a few.

First of all, Leo Martin, whose tremendous acting in the skits, and whose work behind the scenes contributed greatly to the success of the entire affair; Johnny Nolan, not only an MC and entertainer, but the organizer as well; Pat Kilpatrick, who did a heck-of-a-job and deserves a real big 'Pat' on the back for his jokes and witticisms that carried the show from one act

to the next; Jack Brennan, the man behind the drums, whose excellent rhythm accompaniment throughout the complete performance, I'm sure, was appreciated by all.

And behind the scenes: The prop men; George Shaw, Steve B., Joe Houle, Andy Syrota, Ray P., and Bruce Kaiser. Wardrobe; Charlie Tolton and Ronnie Neergard; Ron, by the way, made many appearances on the stage in walk-on skits that turned out to be great fillers. Hobby Craft Display; Al Albertini Frank Perreault and Kenny A. In charge of refreshments; the untiring Joe Beck and his partner in the food department, Leo Fortin.

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G. Shaw, A. Albertini, J. Nolan, with Hobby Craft Display.



VIP LECTURES ON APPRENTICESHIP

Today a V.I.P. visited our institution. We use the term, very important person, because it is felt that the importance of the subject that, Mr. Jack Redhead, talked on . . . is of the utmost importance to those men with a trade in their future.

Present at the speaking engagement were, Mr. McLeod, Supervisor of Apprentice, Automotive Repair, Dept. of Labour; Instructors Mr. LaRiviere; Mr. Instance and Mr. Padema. Mr. G.F. Tegman Ass't. Deputy Warden (IT) and Mr. J. Thompson, Ass't. Sup'r. of Industries all representing the institutional training program and approx. 140 trainees of the brick and auto repair schools and re-vocational auto-body-repair group.

Mr Redhead represents the Manitoba Government as Development Officer with the Apprenticeship Industrial Training Division, which is a branch of the Department of Labour. His topic for the afternoon was, "Keeping Up with Changing Technological Advances."

"It is felt that today's changing scene requires that men and women following desired trades and vocations in life, MUST train to keep up with the times. To illustrate," said Mr. Redhead. . . "Skilled men today would be obsolete in two

years unless they advance and upgrade your training to supplement the new innovations."

Mr. Redhead, then went on to give some informative facts. "Did you know that carpenters at one time made everthing that went into the home . . . where as now factories do the major portion of this very skilled labour? Why, up until 1928 the only really skilled men around were those represented by the CNR and Hudson Bay Mining personnel. Right about then in 1928 they began the change to supervised training. In that same year the Government passed the "Apprenticeship Act" and although there was a lull . . . it gradually picked up. In 1935, British Columbia passed it's own act and after that . . . it began to spread. It wasn't until after the war that we began to make our major advance. . . and it is ironical that it took us two whole years to make ready for our needs. . . after the war started! Another point of interest is that at one time, Germany had more skilled men in one industry than we had in the entire dominion."

At the present time we are forging ahead, especially in the automotive and constructive trades. When one looks at the statistics it's entirety, the outlook is not too

sensational. But, broken up, the statistics make our program look much more feasible.

"Here in Manitoba, we have devised a system that permits men in institutions such as this one to earn accredited time towards their eventual Journeyman's Certification. It goes something like this: Any person with six years apprenticeship experience may, upon examination, seek certification as journeyman. Related trade training courses are acceptable and are evaluated along with your experience. Most of the jobs concerned require a basic school background of at least the ninth grade... while the electrical trade requires a grade ten. However, an employer may require grade twelve. So it would pay you to have a good background in, Science, Math and English. Keep in mind that there are always men to fill jobs and the upgraded man will be the first chosen. A good apprentice consists of fifty percent classroom and fifty percent on the job training. And when you consider that the government shares the cost to assist apprentices . . . a definite program of sound-base is required to make the whole thing pay off . . . for the men themselves as well as the employer. At the present time, apprentices must retain their own tools and textbooks. However, the government assists in small amounts (weekly), ranging from \$12 per week to \$50. Amounts are

given according to travel, distance, whether local, out-of-town men, or those with families. Increases in the above amounts commence after the first six months and continue as progress continues. Some important things that should also be stressed, are the questions that usually crop up about apprenticeship and related trades. Many men fail to recognize that no organization is completely perfect, and while we are not perfect. . . we, in the apprenticeship field are there to serve you in any way possible. If you should lose your job. . . we would be happy to assist you in the search for another that would continue your program, as well as the time used on the prior job could be added to the time that you are amassing towards your Journeyman's certificate. All that is necessary, is that you contact your supervisor by phone, or in person, and he will advise you as to the next step you should take."

For those interested in the present apprenticeship program and the regulations relative thereto, Mr. Redhead has kindly given this periodical a few of the many documents that are available to those men seeking information. Some of these are as follows:

Exerpts from, "The Manitoba Gazette," vol. 91, No.13 of the March 13th, 1962 issue. . . . and, from the same "Gazette," vol. 92, No. 7 of the February 16, 1963 issue

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EXISTENTIALISTICLY SPEAKING

By Frank L. Morton

A short time ago the world was shocked by Jean-Paul Sartre's refusal of the Nobel Prize for Literature. This refusal was shocking indeed when one considers what this award stands for in the literary world. Of course, by refusing it, Sartre has received more notoriety than he probably would have had if he accepted the prize. His name has now become a household word, and his philosophy a question mark in the minds of many. Whether he had this in mind when he turned down the Nobel Prize, only Sartre knows. It could be that the answer he made public (that he didn't want to be known as Jean-Paul Sartre the Nobel Prize winner, but just Jean-Paul Sartre, writer and philosopher) is his true reason. However, today he is known as Jean-Paul Sartre, rejector of the Nobel Prize.

Sartre's philosophy is built on existentialism and he is, today, one of the world's most renowned exponents of this expanding philosophy. With the passing of each year existentialism is securing a firmer hold on our intellectual world. It is, in its stark reality, present in our literature, art, motion pictures, plays, advertising and just about anywhere else one should care to look. The song with the haunting refrain and the searching ending, that really isn't an ending at all, the movie or play which leaves one with the feeling he missed the last act; the painting, heavy with magnetism and yet inane; the short story or novel whose finish abandons its reader with the beginnings of a beautiful frustration neurosis; the automobile advertisement with a convertible perched high on a pinnacle above a desert waste: all examples of existentialism.

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary describes it this way; "An introspective humanism or theory of man which expresses the individual's intense awareness of his contingency and freedom; a theory which states that the existence of the individual precedes his essence".

This, in my interpretation, is the belief in the theory of man as an individual who is intensely aware of his dependency for the continuation of his life, liberty and pursuit of happiness on unforeseen conditions and the state of his own will as an uncaused cause of his actions. To be more specific: We (man) can only amount to what we determine ourselves to be, and even this is dependent on unforeseen events which are capable of snuffing out our every effort, (events such as death and accidents, not only our own, but those of people closely linked with us in our everyday

living) and our own will—a remotely controlled, if controlled at all, cause of our actions.

To explain the will as being remote to our actual being, or self, one must touch upon the subject of Phenomenological Ontology: the scientific study of phenomenon of being or reality. That is to say: The conscious awareness that there is a consciousness separate and apart from the Ego, or self. Possibly, the most enlightening method of explaining the above would be by example.

We are all aware that we possess an imagination. Just supposing I was sitting in my cell looking out through the barrier and imagined I saw a tree. A big, beautiful, green tree! I wanted to see this tree so desperately that I imagined it was there outside my cell in a rolling green meadow. In order for this phenomena to have taken place three things had to happen. First the fact had to be established that this world existed as a world (constituting) in order to remove it from my mind and see the new world which contained my tree (this must involve isolation as we imagine the tree as being apart from the world around us). Once the tree and the meadow are established the world around me ceases to exist (nihilation). If I was to imagine myself lying under the tree in the meadow, then I (myself as an object) in the cell would cease to exist and that which is seeing myself under the tree in the meadow would be my consciousness. My consciousness would be seeing myself as an imaginary object in a imaginary world, created by an imagination which is controlled by a consciousness which is not controlled by me as a being.

Have you ever suddenly realized that you had been daydreaming and upon realizing it you tried to remember what you had been daydreaming about, and couldn't? At that moment you were puzzlingly aware that you had dropped off somewhere for a length of time without being aware that you had left reality until you arrived back. This is a form of entering your consciousness also, as I understand it. You had dropped into your consciousness and immediately upon becoming aware that you were in your consciousness, or at least, not aware of the world around you, you ceased to be there any longer and were again faced with reality.

These two examples were given only to emphasize the point that we as human beings are dependent on a freedom that is not controlled by our Ego or self. To go any further into the subject of phenomenological ontology would be to deviate from the point of this article. If one is really interested in the subject, a book called "Being and Nothingness" by Jean-Paul Sartre might prove very enlightening.

For those of us who have lost faith in religion and/or other world

philosophies, philosophical existentialism can, in its bare reality, establish a meaning in our otherwise meaningless existence. In order for it to accomplish this, of course, one must first be convinced that the only purpose to one's life is the purpose he gives it. Existentialism is not a philosophy for dreamers; people who spent their lives searching for the hidden purpose for their existence. Once this belief is firmly established, the next thing is to take the initiative and make up one's mind to what particular goal one would like to work toward. It doesn't make too much difference whether the actual initiative taken is in the form of an, everyday job, or vocation, like becoming a serious writer, a photo engraver or the best darn plumber in town, or whether it's in the form of a hobby such as collecting old whiskey labels or skin diving. The main requirement is that a distant goal is set and one puts his all into reaching it. The fact that one may never reach his goal, due to unforeseen events, has no bearing what-so-ever on the purpose of his setting a goal. The purpose justifies his being.

In other words, one finds he can live a purposeful life with a set goal while fully realizing reality for what it is.

Atheism is not the only route to existentialism. There is a Christian Existentialism that Webster defines as: "A theory which stresses the subjected aspects of the human person considered as a creature of God." Whatever your choice, existentialism has been around for quite some time and is fast becoming one of today's, leading philosophical movements. It might be well worth looking into. . . .



ROGUISH RAVINGS

Recently, redundancy reached rare ramifications regarding Rome's rashest racer, Raphael Rodriguez.

Raphael, reconsidering racing racecars, revealed remorse regarding retirement.

Reluctantly recanting racing, Raphael reiterated rational reasoning resolving reconciliation regarding racing roadcars, redoubtable.

Rewards regardless, Raphael Rodriguez repeatedly reaffirmed reluctant retirement.

Requestioned, Raphael remained resolutely rigid regarding racing.

Rememberances relived, reminded Raphael, racing Rome's roads recently.

Remarkable risky racers, rashly raced rings 'round Raphael, removing Raphael's reticent-racer repeatedly rearward.

Recklessly retreating, Raphael wRecked Rome's raciest roadster.

Recuperating, Raphael reckoned racing restrictively risky. — He Quit!

Bardell Adamson's

PENAL EXCHANGE



MENARD TIMES - Menard, Illinois

Congratulations on your December issue. The diversified editorial comments and photos are most interesting. Charles Murphy and his cartoons are most interesting.

THE ISLAND LANTERN - Steilacon, Wash.

Your November-December issue was one of the best we received. Congratulations to your drama group for their "Caine Mutiny" production. Out in Leavenworth, they put on "Mr. Roberts" and the "Caine Mutiny," some time ago. . .and it seems that it is the ideal media for expression. Wish I'd been there to see it (the show that is). I notice you have no jokes, cartoons or tid bits in your publication. Is your budget as difficult as ours?

PRESIDIO - FT. Madison Iowa

No doubt about it fellows you're number one on the list, (our list). Your mag has so many excellent articles that it is a real job to pick any one out. We like your editorial and the feature article in the January issue, THE FEAT OF REHABILITATION.

THE COURIER - Baltimore, Md.

It must be nice to have all that talent out there. But don't you think you are ending up producing a mag of short stories rather than a little of many things to make the tie in-between the inmate and the public? We would like to give special credit to, Mitchell Lee, on his "WinterScene" and please do not misunderstand. . .our comments are not biased.

THE HARBINGER - Hutchinson, Kan.

Your Christmas issue contained a good variety as usual. "Just For Chuckles", kept us in stitches so did "Essay In Satire". . . . keep our address and keep'em coming.

NEW ERA - Leavenworth, Kan.

Since your summer issue nothing has come up here. Could it be that our chubby friend in the print shop is still holding up production on your excellent mag? Saltsgiver made good use of his Famous Artist's background and Barber is perfection as always.

We hate to see so much talent in one publication. It sure puts all of us to shame. You may rely on one thing. . . . your mag is the finest of all in the sense of total compilation.

KILBY SUN - Montgomery, Ala.

We always enjoy your fine news weekly and we miss not receiving any of your recent issues. We hope that we are still on your list of exchanges. Mr. Marlin C. Barton is to be commended for his backing in the past "Dixie" issues. It is true that you are Dixie's only printed weekly penal publication and we'd like to see more of them.

THE SPECTATOR - Jackson, Mich.

Yours is a very neat and compact offering. Photos are especially well processed. Your variety is good and we give our heartiest 'Good Show' to your efforts on the 'Braille' program.

THE EYE OPENER - McAlester, Okla.

Your publication contains the largest supply of jokes on the penal market today. It must be true, that if you can smile a while, you can see the bright side of things. We would like to make one suggestion. Could you put your postage meter tape on the top or some other part of your mag? We like to save these copies and it makes it a little difficult to enjoy the cover when the tape is in the middle of the mag.



In the next issue we will try to have both the foreign and domestic penal exchange. Because of space requirements, we will try to allot ourselves to only pertinent comments. . . and if there is not much flattery. . . it is because we feel that you want honest opinions and not a cool breeze.

LOOK AROUND YOU STRANGER

Look around you stranger
and see how alone you are.
Yes, you there, moving through the crowd
pushing here, being jostled there,
encompassed in motion —
independent controlled motion,
each to its own purpose
movement for the sake of movement,
gentle movement,
brutal movement,
human movement,
movement

Look around you stranger
and see how alone you are.
Yes, you standing there, glass in hand,
entangled in a room clogged with
talking, laughing people —
amidst the clinking of ice-cubes,
the gurgle of liquids —
the oh's the ah's, the social sounds,
the party sounds,
the people sounds,
human sounds,
sounds

Look around you stranger
and see how alone you are.
Yes, you perched on that bar-stool,
apart with your innermost thoughts,
surrounded by others —
apart with their innermost thoughts;
thoughts of the later hours,
of the dark and the light hours,
beautiful thoughts,
ugly thoughts,
human thoughts,
thoughts

Look around you stranger
and see how alone you are.
Yes, you staring in the mirror
at the person you think you are —
alone in your thinking —
a torso attached to a mind;
in a world of torsos
attached to egotistic minds;
creative minds,
empty minds,
human minds,
minds

—FRANK L. MORTON

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

THE ALCOHOLIC I KNOW

E. H.

I started on this alcoholic road of broken dreams some thirty years ago.

I am sure, after thirty years of unbroken service to the bottle, I qualify to say I do have a good knowledge of what it can do.

Time and space do not permit me to express all the heartaches, sorrows and broken promises that go with these years of alcohol.

The God of the alcoholic is the bottle and his blessings are the shattered dreams and the misery that is corked inside it. This is enough to lead the alcoholic to the very gates of "hell."

I am fortunate to have a God that takes care of the sinner as well as the just. He has seen fit to give me another opportunity to come back into the human race.

I know I can never atone for the harm that I have done to those who still love me and always will. But I must try to crawl upward again, if I am to be able to walk with them again.

All I can do is to show them I can be the person that I must be, in order to be able to justify my intentions. I never want to be the

fellow that I was, before alcohol took over my life. And it is to this end that I dedicate this small spark of willpower that I have. . . in the hopes that from this spark will come the blaze that will snuff out all desire for alcohol again.

For every wrong road there is a right one, and I know I have found the right one. . . at long last. Having joined AA some months ago, I discovered something that has given me new insight into the way that it works and how the member can make it work for himself. A set of standards plus an open attitude and a willingness to do whatever is necessary, to want to climb out of the depths one gets into. These are the necessities that separate the pseudo-member from the member that has been so far down the ladder that he can only look up, and not want to look down to the level he once swore he would never occupy.

By living by these standards I have gained many unexpected rewards. Of necessity, I must work at my program steadily and daily. There can be no part-time job where liquor is concerned.

I found out that there is a method of following a plan, and my key word is, HOW! H. . .for honesty; O. . .for open mindedness; W. . .for willingness. It seems so simple, yet it is a matter of keeping it simple by avoiding complicated means of staying on the right path with the simple guide set forth by hundreds of thousands of alcoholics who were determined to do something about their condition and its effect on their loved ones, and who won their battle.

Having been a soldier and an alcoholic, I can see a comparison between the two, with one exception: The soldier knows what he is fighting for, while the alcoholic is fighting all the time but does not know what it is all about.

When you have been face to face with various lavatory receptacles as I have, you discover the real difference between the soldier in

combat in the mud, and the very different odor that exudes from the giving up of all the corruption and filth that has burned it's way to the surface. . . .and out into the open where it is seen for what it is. When you can make this kind of a comparison, you are then on the right road, because no man can hope to compliment himself on his own filth.

When you can look back over thirty-three years in prison. . . . Thirty years of it in an alcoholic prison of desire. . . .and three in this institution, (the last three, sober) you get a chance to look at the years before you and the startling thought comes home. . . .how in the world did I ever let alcohol drive me to the front gate? And in a moment of realism, I begin to see that alcohol did not do any of this but only made it possible for someone weak enough to let it.



TOBACCO



Tobacco is a dirty weed. I like it.
It satisfies no normal need. I like it.
It makes you thin, it makes you lean,
It takes the hair right off your bean.
It's the worst darn stuff I've ever seen.
I like it.

Graham Lee Hemminger (1896-1946)



from the annex

Wed. Dec. 23rd, 1964 was a big night for The Farm Annex. A group of young people from United College, put on a variety show, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the population. The show was very informal, with entertainers & guests mixing with the inmate population causing a very relaxed feeling among the men.

To the entertainers we express our sincere thanks, for a very enjoyable evening. Also a special thanks to our superintendent, Mr. N. Orlesky, for allowing this show, and to A/S Officer, Mr. Kenyon, & Officers, Mr. Shupenia and Mr.

Porter, who gave their evening to transport these entertainers to and from the Annex.

The arrangements for this show were made by our Related Training Officer (ED) Mr. Cowperthwaithe, who spent many hours making necessary preparations, and our special thanks go out to him.

We hope, in the months ahead, that more shows of this nature will be allowed at the Annex, as the feeling that these young people left with us is something that words can not explain.

Once again a very sincere Thank You to all of the people who made this evening a good one for us: . . .



SHIPS OF YULE



When I was just a little boy
Before I went to school
I had a fleet of forty sails
I called the Ships of Yule.



Of every rig, from rakish brig
To gallant barkentine
To little Fundy fishing boats
With gunwales painted green.



They used to go on trading trips
Around the world for me
For though I had to stay at home
My heart was on the sea.

—Bliss Carman

REPRINT FROM THE STONEWALL ARGUS

At the invitation of prison officials we were privileged to attend the second variety concert held in Stony Mountain Penitentiary, Sunday evening.

Along with two or three dozen of our citizens we were entertained (with hundreds more) to a most delightful evening indeed.

The whole program was capably M.C.'d by two inmates, John and Pat.

Time and space will not permit us to say the good things we should or go into many details, but it proved to one and all that the personnel of the prison need not go outside of the walls for any help, professional or otherwise. We came away with a different feeling than we did almost two years ago.

The concert opened with a combo of which there were many, and it was followed by some twenty more items, including, trios, musical group no's, solos, skits, imitations of Grand Old Oprey, etc., which kept the capacity audience in excellent humor the whole evening.

It was almost a repeat of a concert given to the inmates of that institutions in December, and the entertainers have been practicing during the last two and one half months. No notes or music were required and the entertainers enjoyed their work. Several were seen and heard in various roles, and some were exceptionally versatile.

The warden and his officers can be justly proud of these boys, and it is to be hoped we will have the pleasure very soon of listening to a similar concert. Programs like that presented on Sunday seem to bring out the good in men—there was plenty of that displayed.

We are not allowed to mention names in this instance, but they were outstanding.

Hobbycraft was displayed and disposed of, and amazement was expressed by quite a few at what has been accomplished in this line.

Lunch and refreshments were served during the intermission, to complete a very enjoyable and interesting evening.



GENE TELPNER'S COLUMN, WPG. FREE PRESS

. The 14th anniversary issue of the Mountain Echoes, the publication of the inmates of Stony Mountain Penitentiary, is very colorful and interesting. Editor E.T. Van Dusen and his staff have done an excellent job on the magazine. One of the entertaining articles was written by Frank Morton about the Fashion Four, a Winnipeg singing group.

HOBBY CORNER

by E.T. VAN DUSEN

We are experiencing a new hobby here at the mountain. Plastics. Actually it has been used before, but mostly in the trinket line. Now we are progressing towards some of the more rewarding types of originals and reproductions, which we hope, will inspire those with some sort of artistic sense, to delve deeper into this very rewarding hobby.

At the present time I am experimenting with carved-figure chessmen that are a delight to work with. There are also problems which make this hobby an intriguing past-time that will pay for itself in pleasure and sales.

Here in Canada we find that the product produced by a Vancouver Co. is our best source of plastic base for our needs. We purchase through our local Hobby Shop in Winnipeg and we get a very good delivery.

Plastics in liquid form are sensitive to temperature and age. As a result we only expect about 75% results, with a 25% irregular result when in use.

"Esterex" Plastics are a derivative of the original Polyester resins

which were used extensively during the war years and now, for bomber hatch covers and radar domes. The chemical composition was known only as '1033' and required a setting catalyst, known as "1030" before the resin would harden to full maturity.

In its pure form, Exterex "103" hardens to such a degree that it takes on the appearance of glass and could shatter on impact, if dropped. However, this resin is very versatile and proves its value when it is mixed with some sort of binder that will permit the resin to impregnate into it and allow it to become partially flexible without fear of it shattering. The following will give you an idea of its potential.

Polyester resin mixed with fiberglass cloth or matt, has been used, and is now being used to manufacture the Corvette auto body. Also many men with artificial limbs can thank this synthetic for a light weight prosthesis that can be shaped to any form to meet a specific

requirement. During the Korean "Police" action, a special "flack" jacket was tested in combat. This jacket covered the central part of the body and looked like an umpire's protector suit. It had a hundred small pockets where the wearer could insert three-inch plastic strips into the various pockets which could deflect shrapnel. The idea worked so well that it is now standard procedure to have plastic helmet liners to be worn underneath the battle helmet, plastic armour plating on all jeeps and insert plastic armour within the tanks. Many times men in a tank were killed because the concussion on the outside of the tank caused the rivets to break loose and shoot inside, killing those within.

The resin, without a mixture, is a very brittle substance, and the objects cast must be handled with a reasonable amount of care. How-

ever, one half inch of this is bullet-proof when fiberglass is used with it.

To make such items as chessmen, the peastic in its basic form is sufficiently strong enough, and could easily last a lifetime if properly cared for. In case of breakage, the same resin compound used to make the chessmen is also used to repair them. Better still, there are no signs of repair when the work is completed.

In our next issue we will go into the entire method of casting plastic pieces for hobby and profit and we will explain every phase from the purchase to the finished product.

If there are any comments regarding this, or any of the other hobbycrafts that we make here. . . please direct all questions regarding purchases to, Hobby Officer, P.O. Box 101, Stony Mountain, Manitchba.



—EDITORIAL

From Page 4

attention Or "I'm so embarrassed, what if Julia saw me riding in this old car?" And—"I can't go to church to-day-I haven't anything decent to wear that hasn't been seen already."

Easter celebrates the rise of Christ-but for some women it means a lofty hat, to rise above the envious stares of others.

The classy sportscar the little lady will ride in even if she may regret her decision later-just to avoid good sensible sturdy Charlie- who happens to own a two year old wreck.

What happens to the man when he assumes a plateau in life? Why, heck man-he climbs higher until he has, in some way, steeped himself in briny STATUS.

Apprentice Training bulletin, "Skill For Security"; Apprenticeship bulletin' "Guidance Information and Rules Relating to machinist Trade"' to name a few.

It is apparent that there is much to be gained by men following a desired trade to look further into this very promising Apprenticeship Program due to the well regulated system that has been laid down for prospective job improvement and eventual journeyman status. Oddly enough, the man who is intelligent and can learn quickly, and who would be the most likely choice of an employer. . . . is not always the man that gets the job. Apparently some few are of the impression that they need not study to get ahead that sharpness will carry them through. It is indeed a come down for some of these men to discover that the men who seem to find it very difficult to just pick up and absorb a new point end up passing them by.

It is our belief that Mr. Redhead was attempting to carry over to the men, the need for a planned program of both schoolroom and on the-spot-training to fill two very great needs. First: an up to date academic background to keep pace with the times, improvements and the need for higher rated mathematicians to cope with the growing needs of our new technological advancements. Second: a well trained person acquainted with the equip-

ment he is to use in the trade he is being trained for. A combination of the two, make the ideal and most desired employee for any firm, who need men to stay and grow with them.

Any man, not now satisfied with his present life should make the stand that he is to take in his future life . . . and right now! The older you get . . . the less your opportunity to achieve a really good start towards the top. The only way to reach the top is by a day to day advancement towards the day when you are able to say you have reached that point where you can command your own salary and be assured of a good stable future, free from the worries that are prevalent in the world today I refer to those men who can learn, but stop halfway. To those who know parts of many jobs, but who fail to meet the standards required by employers . . . that is, knowing one job well enough to go all the way to the top. Do you meet these requirements? If not . . . You can seek most of the information you need by contacting your local Apprenticeship Counsellor or, by writing to Mr. Jack Redhead, Development Officer, Apprenticeship Industrial Training Division, Dept of Labour, Winnipeg, Manitoba c/o the Norquay Bldg. Now that you have been given the information that you need to get ahead . . . all you have to do is . . . begin!

UNDER

THE GYM ROOF

BY JACK WANNOP

Hi sportsmen! The best of the New Year to you and may the sport you play, be good clean fun.

ALWAYS REMEMBER, the important thing in sports is not to win but to take part.

Badminton

Since that double knock-out series there doesn't seem to be much action on the court. You are right. The word court is singular because it seems that some of the racquets were broken somehow. But there are those few that take to this game like ducks to water, and play it as it's meant to be played. Like "Heavy" Mac who gets out there and chases that bird with an agility that belies his weight. It seems that he is always beating his partner for some reason.

Basketball

We see that there is great interest in basketball here. Although only eighteen men play the game itself, the spectator interest is high and makes up for the whole. They come in flocks to watch the game and that includes the outside as well as the inside.

Although the interest is great, the commissioner had to step down and hand the reins over to someone else. It wasn't for any lack of ability, rather, because of the lack of cooperation on the part of those players concerned. The League will sorely miss Lyndsay.

THE following are the point scores of the players according to their team columns:

CELTICS		TROTTERS		KNICKERBOCKERS	
PTS	NAME	PTS	NAME	PTS	NAME
244	McMillian	442	Wakan	226	Ducharme, E.
153	Allan, K.	151	Hales	111	Chippaway

120	Dyck	149	Jones	80	Brousseau
5	Savage	10	Jensen	58	Ozark
37	Lefebvre	10	Littlejohn	47	Magoo
36	Shaw, J.	8	Moad, B.	28	Derocher, D.
		1	Horban	1	Dunbar
24	Brown	0	Hamlin	2	MacKay
0	Shand			0	Kerr, G.

The team standing as of Jan. 26 of this year are:

FIRST	Trotters	7 wins	2 losses	0 Ties
SECOND	Celtics	4 wins	4 losses	1 Ties
THIRD	Knickerbockers	2 wins	6 losses	1 Ties

It seems that in this game very little changes. The top scorer remains the same, the team standings remain the same. But, the league bad guy has changed. Last time it was McMillian who had this distinction but now he has been sidetracked or has reformed, for the new name for this spot is not one but two players. That's right, its a tie! Sharing the honors(?) are Lefebre and Ozark, both with 39 fouls.

For the stats on this game I am very indebted to the much harried scorekeeper, Jerry Piper, who shows up at all the games he can, barring the unforeseen. Many thanks to you, and keep up the good work. Also an appreciated thanks to the players who play for the sport of the game and not the glory. Here I'd like to tip my hat to Dunbar, Horban and Squeeks, for they have shown the most improvement in their efforts on the court, being good sportsmen and putting their hearts into the game for the game's sake.

Volleyball

Here we have the true diehards of sport. Every time the game is played they are out there hitting the ball over the net with the dexterity of pros. They have no league as yet, but they get out and play for the love of it. In this sport, there are some who are always there, Big Monty, Little Squeeks, Alsop, and many more too numerous to mention. When I stand back and watch them bounce that ball back and forth, performing brilliant volleys, and scoring points, I feel that this game should be the top game played in this gym. Maybe some day it will be. As I said in the last issue, this game is the one which gets the men away from the One-Eyed Monster and off their spreading foundations into the gym proper.

Here's hoping for more intensive participation in this game in the future.

Weightlifting

Here they are again, the musclemen of the gym are on parade. There are some surprising developements in this corner of the gym. The guys that have been lifting for some time are beginning to find new bulges where there were none before. One guy said to me one evening while I was watching the progress on the muscle-bench, 'those so-and-so's in the laundry have been giving me back shirts that are too small for me.' This statement conjured thoughts of a deliberate joke being played on this guy so I asked him what he meant. He said that the shirts he was now getting were binding under his arms and the collar was too small. I asked how long he had been lifting and found it had been for two years, so I told him that it could be possible he was getting bigger instead of the shirt getting smaller. The next night he came up and told me this was exactly right, the measurements he had taken two years ago were inches short of what they are now. This put my faith back into the weight game for here was one guy who didn't realize his developement, and when it was brought to his attention, did not exploit it or display it for the approval of the other lifters and seek praise or use it as a weapon to get others to agree with him.



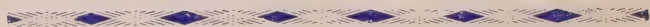
—CONCERT

From Page 11

Members of the administration who contributed time, patience, and understanding: Mr. W. Hancock, Mr. Cowperthwaithe, Mr. H. Howard and Mr. B. A. Brown.

There were probably many names I have missed. To those of you I say, please accept my apology. To all concerned; congradulations on a job well done. It was quite obvious from the look on the faces of the audience as they departed from the prison, that this concert was an enjoyable success.

MUSIC PLUS ONE



By Frank L. Morton



In the modern, fast moving commercial world of today, where there is a price for everything and everything has its price, especially in the world of entertainment—the world where sensations are made over night, where a single entertainer can command 10,000 dollars for a one night stand, where the owner of a public establishment is not allowed to play a single side on his own machine without first paying ASCAP for this privilege, where a musician is unable to perform at a certain cafe because they don't pay scale; a world where money is applause and applause means money, and money means prestige, and prestige is what's important, not music, not laughter, not love happiness, joy, hope, charity. . . . only prestige; keeping up with the Joneses—Joe Gluk's car has sterling silver wheel disks so I've got to have them too—Oh yes, and pearl cuff-links and a string tie and pointed-toed Italian shoes and 80 pounds of arrangements that require another airline ticket—yes, in this selfish world of pay and be

paid it's a pleasure to watch performers, musicians and singers alike, performing for the pure enjoyment they receive from honest appreciation. Appreciation in the form of applause. Applause that doesn't mean money, but applause that means 'Thank You.' Thank You for entertaining us for two hours; thank you for helping us to forget reality; for helping us to get through a long day, in a long week, in a long month, in an endless year — thank you for an unselfish effort in a very selfish world — Thank you for music, because music is the can opener of the soul; the wine of life. Music can tame the wildest beast and soften the hardest heart—Music is life it-self.

We were entertained today by a group of people from the No. 1 Branch of the Royal Canadian Legion. A group of musicians, singers, and the like, who knocked themselves out to give us a few laughs and a couple of hours of enjoyable diversion. There was M.C., Jack Finley, who contributed his bubbling personality. There

was Judy Stiles, a young lady with a big voice who did a powerful job on such songs as Jambolyo, Yellow Bird, and When the Saints Go Marching In . . . There was the sensuous and provocative Kisa Lee, who, attired in a shimmering gold blouse and charcoal ankle length split skirt, executed a moving performance on, Them There Eyes, Nobody Till Somebody Loves You, Just In Time, Five Foot Two, and Satin Doll . . . There was Jim and Gary, two very talented youngsters who played electric guitars, and, who received just short of a standing ovation from their appreciative audience for their refreshing performance on several extremely difficult numbers.

Then there was the band. Murray Anderson's band to be exact. A very talented and versatile group of musicians: Murray Anderson, trumpet; Billy Dunlop, guitar; Tommy Buick, fiddle; Kenny Fraser, accordion; Ted Walchuk, bass; and Al Davis, drums. An orchestra that not only blended together excellently, but performed in solo, many works that were thoroughly enjoyed, to say the least.

Billy Dunlop sang and played a very warm rendition of San

Francisco Tommy Buick whipped up a hopping hoe-down on fiddle . . . Kenny Fraser featured in Who Stole the Kishka . . . Al Davis rattled his sticks to a fantastic drum solo of Carmenchello . . . and Murray himself, leading the band through many, many selections, awarded us with outstanding arrangements of trumpet solos on, Cherry Pink & Apple Blossom Time, San Francisco, Indiana, Waiting For The Robert E. Lee, and with muted horn in the Clyde McCoy style he blew three really swinging Blues numbers: Up The Swanee River, St. Louis Blues, and The Post March.

Hank Philpott, Entertainment Chairman of No. 1 Royal Canadian Legion, Sargent and McGee Street, said, in a short speech before the concert commenced, that he was very happy to have the privilege of bringing out a group of entertainers and putting on a show each year for the boys on the hill.

"Mr. Philpott, the boys on the hill want you to know that we too are happy that you are willing and able to do this thing. And we thank you and the people you brought with you from the bottom of our hearts.

When the going gets TOUGH—
the TOUGH — get going

—*Echoes Staff*



STEVE BEE'S NEWS AND VIEWS

There is a solution for the man or woman incarcerated, who is interested in leading a normal life, just as there is a solution for the alcoholic interested in acquiring their sobriety.

Basically the problems of both run parallel to one another. The difference in the handling of the two can be found in the manner that they are approached. for rehabilitation.

Those of us here behind the walls of Stony Mountain did not receive any week-end passes to watch the touring Russian Hockey team in action against our Nationals. That day will come!???

However we did have a preview of how the Nats must have felt about The Russkees. When the Norberry Juveniles defeated the local, All Stars in a hockey game backed up by hard skating, brilliant displays of short passes, and back checking with tight teamwork. The Norberry

club out hustled and out shot the All Stars, to lead 6 to 0 in the first period. The All Stars were hampered from the very start in taking the Norberry club too lightly. They began to unwind in the second period, but the damage had been done! The All Stars never had a chance to recover.

Norberry has a crack hockey club and another game between these two clubs is looked forward to. Final score. . . Norberry 11 and the All Stars, 3.

Quote from the works of Kahlil Gibran

Often times have I heard you speak of one who commits a wrong as though he were not one of you, but a stranger unto you and an intruder upon your world.

But I say that even as the holy and righteous cannot rise beyond the highest which is in each one of you

So the wicked and the weak cannot fall lower than the lowest which is in you also.

And as a single leaf turns not yellow but with the silent knowledge of the whole tree.

So the wrong doer cannot do wrong without the hidden will of you all — like a procession you walk together towards your godself.

You are the way and the wayfarer's

And when one of you falls down he falls for those behind him, a caution against the stumbling stone.

Aye- this also though the word lie heavy upon your hearts

The murdered is not unaccountable for his own murder

And the robbed is not blameless

in being robbed

The righteous is not innocent of the deeds of the wicked

And the white-handed is not clean in the doings of the felon

Yea-the guilty is often times the victim of the injured

And still more often the condemned is the burden bearer

For the guiltless and unblamed

You cannot separate the just from the unjust

And the good from the wicked
For they stand together before the face of the sun even as

The black thread and the white are woven together

And when the black thread breaks the weaver shall look into the whole cloth and he shall examine the loom also.

RESUME

Razors pain you;
Rivers are damp;
Acids stain you;
And drugs cause cramp.

Guns aren't lawful;
Nooses give;
Gas smells awful;
You might as well live.

Dorothy Parker

OUTDOOR SPORTS

HOCKEY:

SWISH! SWISH! SWISH! CRUNCH!

Now alone; now in a bunch,
Back and forth; round round;
Checked and rechecked;
The breakaway; cheers resound,
He shoots! He scores!



So the hockey season opened on December 20th with an 'A' League game between the Mable Leafs and the Blackhawks, the following nite saw the launching of "B" League in a close match between the Red Wings and the Saints.

The word hockey was used to cover two branches of a sport carrying similar basic tendencies, the one being field hockey the other ice hockey. One record is somewhat as follows:

Hockey, an outdoor game played on a grass or hard dirt surface with a ball by two opposing teams of 11 players on each side, using hooked or bent sticks with which each side attempts to drive the ball into the other's goal. This game is also called field hockey to distinguish it from ice hockey.

A crude form of a stick game was played by the ancient Persians from whom it was acquired by the Greeks, who in turn passed it on to

the Romans. A discovery made in Athens in 1922 gives reason to believe that a form of stick game came from the east. This was a bass-relief found in the wall built by Themistocles (c. 514-449 B.C.) which depicts six youths taking part in a game resembling hockey, and shows what is termed a bully in the modern game, but with the hooked sticks pointing downwards instead of upwards. Traces of a sort of stick game have also been found in America, as played by the Aztec Indians, and evidence shows that probably most of the Indian tribes in America played a rough stick game for several thousand years. But neither these nor the "London Balle Playe" mentioned by William Fitzstephen in 1175 bear much general resemblance to modern hockey, field or ground.

Now let us view some historic data on the area covered by Ice Hockey. One school of thought

holds that ice hockey is a development of field hockey and another that is a development of the old Irish game of hurling. Some experts believe that the game of bandy is a forerunner of ice hockey, while there is evidence that the Indians played some such game in Canada centuries ago. Canada is regarded as the mother of the modern sport and was the first country to organize the game on a nationwide basis, with a codified form of playing rules which has been accepted throughout the world. For long the sport was confined to natural ice but with the advent of ice rinks its popularity spread rapidly. In 1908 the International Hockey Federation was formed with Great Britain, France, Belgium, Switzerland and Bohemia as founder members. In the mid-1950's there were 25 member nations.

The international rules are applicable to most affiliated countries and govern the world and European championships. The governing bodies in Canada the United States and Great Britain have, however slight variations in the rules and slightly different interpretations for the game as played in their respective countries.

Despite the introduction of international play in Europe, Canada took the lead in establishing the sport firmly through organization. In 1887 the Amateur Hockey association of Canada was formed

and this body soon came to be recognized. Under its guidance hockey flourished throughout the dominion.

The game was not played in the United States until the winter of 1894-95. In that year a group of American students visited Canada and saw some games and participated in others. On their return home their enthusiasm prompted them to organize hockey clubs. Through such intercourse arose a number of leagues employing paid athletes, the strongest of which, the National Hockey league, came into being on Nov.22, 1917, and was an outgrowth of the National Hockey association founded in Montreal Dec. 2, 1909.

The original four teams were, the Toronto Arenas, Montreal Wanderers, Montreal Canadians and Ottawa Senators. It was successful from the start and in 1924 it expanded to include teams in the United States.

The record goes on, however space is limited and some figures and information of our own teams is essential to show that we still have the sport well in hand, though we may have changed some rules from its grass roots day, in ancient Persian, Greek or Aztec Indian settlements.

Just as the game was originally conceived and the need for rules was apparent, so was our season's program mapped out and success-

fully carried though under the guidance of Commissioner CD; and the men who aided as Referees' Linesmen, Coaches, other officials and last but not most important the men who made the ice and spared no effort to make playing facilities the best possible.

The three 'A' League teams were put on a 14 game schedule. As our professional level of sportsmen in this field they treated us to a season of clean fast moving entertainment.

From the 14 scheduled games the Blackhawks emerged in top place, having won 8, tied 1 lost 5, of their competitions leaving them with 17 points.

The second place team was the Maple Leafs, who won 6, tied 2, and lost 6 giving them 14 points.

In third place, and proving a tough contender to all was the Bruins, winning 4, tying 3, and losing 7 of their games to achieve 11 points in all.

Due to transfers and releases the competition for goalie left only one man in the running, however, he has earned his reward as surely as if there had been a full scale competition. He is W. Moad who played all fourteen games for the Blackhawks, being comprised of 36 periods, which 54 goals were scored against him, resulting in an average of 1.500.

The top "A" League player for points was J.C. of the Bruins, who played 14 games, of 34 periods

having only one two minute penalty for the season, and credit for 20 goals and 5 assists totaling 22 points. His 20 goals were also the top in this field.

A similar method was arranged for 'B' League, however due to the fact that there were four teams, the schedule was set at 12 games. The teams comprising this league gave forth with a season which was certainly second to none, and by the number of players elevated to "A", League before the freezing of the teams it is quite apparent that this league has the stuff from which major leagues are made.

Top team here was the Red Wings, who won 9- tied 1, and lost 2 of their competitions leaving them with 19 points.

Second place was taken by the Saints, who won 7, tied 2, and lost 3 giving them 16 points.

Third place went to the Comets, won 2, tied 3, and lost 7 of their games, with 7 points to their credit.

Last place team, the Raiders put up a hard seasons fight, only being eliminated from the semi-finals and finals by their last game, won 2, tied 2 and lost 8, thus falling behind the Comets by one point only with 6 points.

The competition for top goalie of the year went to G. Piper of the Red Wings, with 12 games, 32 periods, 31 goals scored against him, as compared with 62 goals scored by his team during the season. His

average was .969. Again this position was only to one man due to goalies being raised to "A" League transferred or released. Top "B" League player for points was J. Brousseau of the Red Wings, who played the full season, of 12 games 32 periods, having 13 goals and 12 assists to make 25 points. The top goal getter of the season was R. Ducharme, playing coach of the Red Wings who scored 15 goals.

Other hockey entertainment for the season took the form of what we refer to as Exhibition games. Here we have three teams, the top players of the two leagues making an "A" League and "B" League All Star Team for each league, and the old pro's and the new would-be's in the form of 'OLD MEN' and 'KIDS LEAGUE.' The guests who joined us in the four All Stars games were, an Oak Bluff team from the Big Four League, who played "A" League All Stars, in a 6-3 victory for the visitors. The

second game was also "A" League as was the third, in the second game against the Northwood Juvenile leaguers who won in an 11-3 skill of the blades and wits. The third game for this group saw a tie of 7 all with the Winnipeg Tribune Chiefs.

In the fourth game we were treated to seeing the "B" League All Stars do their stuff, as they met the St. James Hornets, the outcome was a 9-6 victory for the Hornets who enjoyed their game so much and commented on the good sportsmanship of the players that their coach proceeded to make arrangements for another game in two weeks, weather and ice permitting.

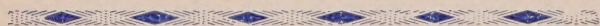
As the semi-finals and finals are just now in the act of being played off, the grand champions of each league are yet to be named. The best of luck to all competitors, each deserves recognition, but only one from each league can succeed, so may the best team win.



It would be far more important to work at the prevention of misery than to multiply places of refuge for the miserable.

Dennis Diderat

CURLING NEWS



By Steve Kozaruk

This season's curling opened the latter part of December, 1964, with an Exhibition Square consisting of eleven rinks. Two rinks, Unrow and Funk were tied with one loss each, Funk winning the play off game.

The "Weed Spiel" followed the Exhibition Square. MacDonald's quartet coming in first and Mallock's aggregation coming in second best. "Hope you fellows enjoyed our weed?"

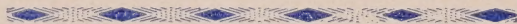
The main event of the year was the Trophy Square. Ten rinks entered this square and were taken by Unrow's team, consisting of Unrow, as the Skipper; Keller, third, Flamand, second, and Davis, lead, winning all their games. Unrow's rink will be presented with the Curling Trophy at the banquet, and will have their names inscribed on the trophy panel.

The curling season got off to a rather slow start because of the inclement weather. There were no serious ill effects other than a few half frozen feet, hands and faces.

Gordie complained of freezing parts of his body when his rink had him curling one cold evening, minus his long johns.

Our thanks to Funk and Hood who have the thankless job of looking after the curling ice. There are many times when the ice is not at its best, yet, when you think about it, the work that has been put into the various rinks, have made the tournament possible and the daily play . . . a possibility. All in all, they have done a mighty good job, when you think of all the work involved.

The recreation officers assure us that we will be having outside rink competition coming in as soon as arrangements can be made. It is everyone's wish that the weather will continue to benefit our curling . . . so that we can have some good curling days ahead.



Thank Heaven for venetian blinds if we didn't have them, it would be curtains for all of us

(Overheard on CJOB)



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